

Newport Mercury.

VOLUME CL--NO. 18.

NEWPORT, R. I., OCTOBER 12, 1907.

WHOLE NUMBER 8,399.

The Mercury.

PUBLISHED BY—

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

182 THAMES STREET.

NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1868, and is now in its one hundred and fiftieth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city. Special rates given to subscribers by addressing the publisher.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 26, Order Sons of St. George—Percy Jeffrey, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

NEWPORT TEXT, No. 13, Knights of Macabees—George A. Peckham, Commander; Charles S. Crandall, Recorder. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.

COURT WAGON, No. 6874, FORESTERS OF AMERICA—William Ackerman, Chief Ranger; John B. Mason, Jr., Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Bruce Hutton, President; David McIntosh, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Miss M. M. Coney, President; Miss R. M. Dunphy, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

OCEAN LODGE, No. 7, A. O. U. W.—Harry L. Burleigh, Master Workman; Perry H. Leary, Recorder. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

MALBONE LODGE, No. 18, N. E. O. P.—Dudley E. Campbell, Warden; Mrs. Dudley E. Campbell, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Mrs. J. J. Sullivan; Secretary, Kittle G. Curley. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of C.—David Davis, Chancellor; William H. Langley, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain William H. Langley; Everett L. Gorton, Recorder. Meets 1st Fridays.

CLAN MCLEOD, No. 163—Robert B. Munroe, Chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

Local Matters.

Violent Storm.

The most violent storm that has visited this vicinity in a great many years prevailed on Tuesday and considerable damage was done as a result. The storm began with a high wind Monday night and before morning a full sized gale was blowing, with plenty of rain. About the time of high tide Tuesday morning the storm was at its worst and the water effects on the shore were well worth going a long way to see. Many persons went down to the beach where the surf broke high up on the rocks, throwing the spray far over the street cars.

There were lively times in the harbor where many of the small boats broke loose from their moorings and owners had to get out early in the morning to secure them. The yawl Catherine broke loose and was carried way up the bay until she went ashore at Corsey's Lane. At Bristol the ferryboat Bristol of the Newport & Providence Railway was badly used, being tossed about and finally impaled upon the spiles. The Sagamore also suffered considerably and the ferry service had to be suspended for a time. The General did not make her morning trip and the New Shoreham did not attempt to go outside.

There was much trouble with wires about town. The Illuminating Company lost some wires, a section of the pole line on Marlboro street being blown down. Lights were cut off in certain sections of the city and those that used electric power were subjected to slight inconvenience. The telephones were put out of commission on a number of lines and the long distance service was much upset. Telegraph wires were also blown down and service was interrupted.

Out at Island Park the storm was felt to all its severity. With a southerly wind there was little to check the force of the blow and much damage was done. Many of the small summer cottages stand close to the water and they suffered from both wind and sea. Some of them were blown bodily from their foundations and most of them were more or less damaged. The Newport & Fall River Railway was subjected to much inconvenience and delay as the track was washed out near the Park and at other places so much sand and gravel was washed on the rails that travel was difficult. It was necessary to transfer passengers around the worst places and the schedule was badly shaken.

Board of Aldermen.

The regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen was held on Thursday evening, when Mayor Clarke read the following communication announcing the death of City Clerk Stevens: To the Honorable Board of Aldermen of the City of Newport, R. I.

Gentlemen—For the second time within a few short months I am called upon to officially announce to the board the death of a city official. It is with the deep regret that I have to announce the death of David Stevens, who has occupied the office of City Clerk of the city of Newport since his election to that important office July 12, 1902.

In the several positions that he has occupied in connection with the government of the city he has filled each one with credit to himself and to the entire satisfaction of those whose interests he represented. As the clerk of this present board of aldermen we, his members, are I am sure, desirous of acknowledging our debt of gratitude for the conscientious work, attention to detail and the prompt and courteous effort to assist in any capacity the work of the board.

WILLIAM P. CLARKE, Mayor.

Attorney Max Levy was to have presented two claims for damages against the city, but owing to illness of an important witness one of them was postponed. The claim of Mrs. Rose McGrath for \$4000 damages for injuries alleged to have been received by falling over a projecting step on Spring street near Howard on the evening of March 12, was presented and a number of witnesses were heard. The board rendered no decision in the matter.

The regular weekly payrolls were approved. A petition from Edith B. Pomeroy for abatement of taxes was referred to the tax assessors, and a petition from O. W. Huntington for repairs to the road near Clay School was referred to the street commissioner. Alderman Shipley was made a committee to provide chairs for the meeting of the representative council. It was voted that LaSalle place be declared a public highway.

William Ellery Chapter.

William Ellery Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, held its annual meeting Wednesday evening, in the Senate Chamber of the Old State House. After the regular monthly and the annual reports, the election of officers for 1907-8 took place, and resulted as follows:

Regent—Miss Edith May Tilley.
Vice Regent—Mrs. J. Alton Barker.
Recording Secretary—Mrs. Norman Whitney.
Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. Harry A. Titus.
Treasurer—Mrs. James E. Anthony.
Registrar—Mrs. Thomas A. Lawton.
Executive Board—Mrs. John P. Sanborn, Mrs. A. B. Sayer, Mrs. Clara E. Dennis, Mrs. David T. Pinniger, Mrs. George H. Riggs, Miss Elizabeth Smith, Mrs. A. B. Sayer, Mrs. Augustus S. Benson, Mrs. William R. Howard, Mrs. Harvey Lockrow, Mrs. John Stewart.

Entertainment Committee—Mrs. George H. Riggs, Mrs. A. C. Landers, Mrs. Alexander J. Flinder, Mrs. R. Hammett Tilley, Mrs. John Jenckes.
Mrs. Pinniger, the retiring regent, was presented with a beautiful silver vase, from the chapter, as a mark of appreciation of her faithful services during her term of office. In resigning the chair to Miss Tilley, Mrs. Pinniger presented her with a gavel, made of wood from the William Ellery House, in which the chapter was organized. The gavel is the gift of Mrs. T. A. Lawton to the chapter, and is a copy of one used by the New York Tammany Society about 1810. Mrs. Lawton also presented the chapter with a chest, which has been placed in the Senate Chamber. Another recent gift is "The Origin of the Flag," from Mrs. Thomas Bingham, an ex-Regent.

Mrs. Pinniger gave a reception to the chapter members, Wednesday afternoon at her residence on Broadway, and was assisted in receiving by the officers and executive board.

Eastern Star Whist.

The first in a series of whists given by Aquidneck Chapter, No. 7, O. E. S., was held in Masonic Hall Wednesday evening with a good attendance. Whist was played for about two hours and the winners of the prizes were as follows:

First, Mrs. John H. Kazanlian and Mr. Erickson; second, Mrs. Frank M. Lawton and Mr. Coomer A. Easterbrook; third, Mrs. Etta A. MacDonaid and Mr. Hardingberg; fourth, Mrs. Edward Wilson and Mrs. Herbert L. March, the latter playing the part of a gentleman; fifth, Miss Metcalf and Mr. Alvah H. Sanborn. There were ten prizes, which were the gift of Mrs. John H. Kazanlian. Light refreshments were served during the evening.

Henry L. Davis and wife of San Francisco are here on a visit to old friends and relatives. At the same time Mr. Davis is trying to recuperate from the terrible strain he, like every other citizen of that unfortunate city, has been under for the last year and a half.

Republican Nominations.

It begins to look as though the fall election were really approaching. Both political parties have held primary meetings and the Republicans have completed their nominations. At the Republican city convention on Tuesday evening the old legislative ticket was re-nominated and a vote was passed commending the attitude of the Newport delegation during the last session.

The Republican ward caucuses were held on Monday evening with a fair attendance. There was no opposition to the regular ticket anywhere and everything went off quietly and harmoniously. The results in the various wards were as follows:

DELEGATES TO CITY CONVENTION.
First ward—Robert Kerr, Joseph B. Pike, Benjamin W. Freeborn, John William Schwarz, Amstead Hurley.
Second ward—Clark Burdick, Harold A. Peckham, Jackson Carter, John T. Delano, Jr., Alvah H. Sanborn.
Third ward—William P. Buffum, James P. Cozzens, George H. Draper, John W. Douglas, Frank P. King.
Fourth ward—Robert S. Gash, Andrew Johnson, William F. Robison, Robert M. Holland, William F. Adams.
Fifth ward—James McLeish, John Mahan, James Brown, Andrew S. Meikle, Edward S. Rawson.

CITY COMMITTEE.

First ward—William S. Rogers, Fletcher W. Lawton, Robert P. Hamilton, Amstead Hurley, William H. Carr.
Second ward—William G. Landers, William H. Jackson, George W. Ritchie, Benjamin F. Tanner, Robert Fitch.
Third ward—Harwood E. Read, Herbert Bliss, George N. Burkhout, Edward A. Sherman, M. Alouzo Van Horn.
Fourth ward—William F. Adams, Robert H. McIntosh, James W. Johnson, Robert S. Gash, P. P. Stewart Hale.
Fifth ward—James McLeish, John Mahan, Edward E. Taylor, Jr., William W. Marvel, Andrew S. Meikle.

WARDEN AND WARD CLERKS.

First ward—Warden, Joseph S. Lawton; ward clerk, Benjamin Lawton.
Second ward—Warden, Allen G. Goddard; ward clerk, Robert C. Ebbes.
Third ward—Warden, Charles F. Harrington; ward clerk, Augustus B. Oakley.

The Republican city convention was held on Tuesday evening in the Court House. The meeting was called to order by George H. Burkhout of the city committee, and John Mahan was elected temporary chairman and Alvah H. Sanborn temporary secretary. After the delegates had presented their credentials the temporary organization was made permanent. Chairman Mahan addressed the convention briefly, stating that this is an important year for the citizens of Newport, owing to the coming election of Senator Wetmore, and commending the Newport delegation in the General Assembly for their attitude in supporting Mr. Wetmore. He suggested that owing to the importance of the State convention on Thursday three alternates be elected from each ward in addition to the delegates. The delegates elected were as follows:

Robert Kerr, Lewis H. Raymond, Amstead Hurley, Robert S. Burlingame, William H. Jackson, Clark Burdick, William P. Sheffield, Jr., William P. Buffum, Herbert Bliss, I. Goodwin Hobbs, Louis B. McCagg, George Gordon King, Edward S. Rawson, James McLeish, John Mahan, Alternates—Frank P. Gladding, Joseph B. Pike, Harold A. Peckham, John T. Delano, Jr., C. F. D. Fayerweather, Harwood E. Read, Edward A. Sherman, H. R. Luther, J. B. Bachelier, Clarence Stanhope, William F. Robinson, William W. Marvel, E. E. Taylor, Jr., James Brown.

William G. Landers was elected the Newport member of the Republican State central committee.

The General Assembly ticket was unanimously re-nominated as follows: Senator—John P. Sanborn.

1st Representative—Horace N. Hasard.
2nd Representative—Robert S. Burlingame.
3rd Representative—Robert S. Franklin.

4th Representative—Clark Burdick.
It was unanimously voted to express the convention's appreciation of the services of the present delegation in the General Assembly during the past session.

Mr. George A. Wood has returned from Canada, where he has been on an extended visit. Mrs. Wood and her sister, Miss Ida Hermann, are still in Canada, where they will remain for a few weeks longer. Miss Hermann's health having greatly improved during her stay there.

Some of the apprentices from the Naval Training Station have kept the police of the city rather busy at times during the last few days. There are a few among the boys there who are disposed to hunt for trouble immediately upon landing in the city.

Hon. Henry Bedlow has closed his Newport season and returned to New York.

Recent Deaths.

John W. Marks.

Mr. John W. Marks, formerly of this city, president of the Marine Construction Company of New York, was killed in New York on Saturday by falling from a building of which he was superintending the construction. He was quickly removed to a hospital but died within a few minutes after reaching there. Mr. Marks was well known in Newport and was very popular among his friends. He was formerly employed at the passenger depot here but afterward learned the mason's trade, doing well from the start. He is survived by his mother, Mrs. Michael Marks, a brother, Patrick H. Marks, and one sister, Mrs. William H. Martin.

The remains were brought to this city and funeral services were held at St. Joseph's Church Tuesday morning and were largely attended. Rev. Father Doran, assisted by Rev. Father O'Rourke and Rev. Father Reddy, officiated. The floral pieces were very beautiful. The bearers were James Fogarty, Herbert McClellan, James Simpson, John Simpson, James Noonan, Robert E. Shea and John H. Marks.

Captain Bliven.

Captain Luke Bliven died at the home of his grand-daughter, Mrs. John Chase, on Pope street, Thursday evening in the eighty-second year of his age. Probably no person was better known to all yachtsmen and mariners than Captain Bliven. He was one of the best known boatmen in the city and up to within a short time was able to be at his boat shop on Spring wharf, which was a favorite spot for men to congregate and spend their spare time listening to interesting stories told them by the Captain.

One son survives him: Mr. Walter S. H. Bliven; also two brothers and one sister, Mr. Alexander Bliven and Mr. William Bliven and Mrs. Elizabeth Crofton.

Thomas Kavanagh.

Mr. Thomas Kavanagh died at his home on Malbone road Thursday afternoon in the eighty-sixth year of his age. He was well known throughout the city and was well liked by all who knew him. His health had been failing him for some time, so death came not unexpectedly. He had for 32 years been sexton of the United Congregational church and city bell ringer and was one of the oldest members of Rhode Island Lodge, I. O. O. F.

Mr. Kavanagh was twice married. He leaves a widow and two daughters.

It is now positively announced that the wedding of Miss Gladys Vanderbilt will take place in New York on Wednesday, December 4th, at No. 1 West Fifty-fourth street. It would probably have occurred here had it not been for the fact that there is lack of accommodation for the guests at that time of the year. The first function in the festivities that will mark the wedding occurs at The Breakers to-night when fifty guests will be entertained at dinner.

Mrs. Elizabeth J., wife of Mr. Joseph M. L. Peckham, died at her residence on Poplar street on Tuesday after an illness of short duration. She was the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas James and was well known to a wide circle of friends and acquaintances. One sister and six brothers survive her: Mrs. James Lawton, and Messrs. Charles, Albert, William, Thomas, Jr., James and John James.

The New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad is contemplating extensive changes and improvements to its wharf property in Providence which will, it is said, involve expenditures of upwards of a million dollars. There will be an alteration of the channel and many new and modern buildings to replace the old ones now on the wharves.

Malbone Lodge, No. 93, New England Order of Protection, will hold their regular meeting next Thursday evening when the grand officers will make their official visitation. A social session will follow the business meeting, which will include a musical program and a collation.

The newspaper photographers of some of the larger daily papers have been in Newport trying to obtain photos of Miss Gladys Vanderbilt and her fiancé, Count Szechnyi, but have not met with marked success. Complaint was made to the police regarding their annoying intentions.

Funeral services for the late G. Norman Weaver were held at his residence on Rhode Island avenue on Monday, Rev. Stanley C. Hughes officiating. There was a large attendance of leading business men and other prominent citizens of Newport.

Mr. Carlos E. Bolton of Blisbee, Arizona, who has been visiting relatives in this city, leaves today for his home.

David Stevens.

Mr. David Stevens died at his residence on Broadway Thursday noon, after an illness which had been noticeable for some time but which had confined him to his bed for only a few days. His health had been failing for some months and at times he was unable to attend to his duties as city clerk. A few days ago he was compelled to give up entirely and lapsed into unconsciousness from which he never emerged. Death was due to a complication of causes.

Mr. Stevens was one of the best known citizens of Newport. He had long been an earnest worker for the best interests in municipal affairs and his long and active public life had made him particularly well fitted for his duties as city clerk. His knowledge of books, gained by his many years in the People's Library, was extensive, but his knowledge of men and affairs in the city of Newport, gained by his long association with men and affairs, was even more extensive. In many respects a typical Newporter, descended from a family prominent in the city and State, his interests were all centered here and his labors were all directed to advance the welfare of the city. A deep thinker, a stalwart fighter, and a keen student of human nature, Mr. Stevens' advice and opinion were freely given in matters of moment. His nature was peculiarly helpful to others and many a young man received from him the first direction for concentration of his efforts along the right line. He had long been a strong personality in the community and one that will be much missed.

Mr. Stevens passed his sixty-sixth birthday on July 9th. He was a son of the late Pardon W. Stevens, who occupied a prominent position in State politics and was Lieutenant Governor of Rhode Island from 1895 to 1897. After completing his education in the schools of Newport he was employed in the store of the late William C. Cozzens, afterward leaving there to enter the store of the late Edward N. Lawton. On July 15, 1876, he entered the People's Library, remaining there as librarian until 1902, in which year he was elected city clerk to succeed the late William G. Stevens, a position that he filled with credit until the time of his death.

In politics Mr. Stevens was a Republican, but he always reserved the right to advocate whatever seemed to him best for the party and the community. He was for two years a member of the State Board of Valuation, during which time he visited every city, town and hamlet in the State and made a careful calculation of the tax value of the State. In 1859-1860 he was a member of the common council from the Second Ward, being a frequent speaker on important measures, and serving on several strong committees.

David Stevens was made a Master Mason in St. John's Lodge, No. 1, A. F. & A. M., in 1867, and was one of the oldest Masons in the city. In 1875 he was one of the members active in forming St. Paul's Lodge, No. 14, and was made Master of that organization in 1883. He was a Past High Priest of Newport Royal Arch Chapter and had also held high offices in the Grand Chapter of the State. He was Eminent Commander of Washington Commandery in 1874, and has been for many years its efficient Recorder. He was also a member of DeBlois Council, No. 5, Royal and Select Masters. In all these bodies he took an active part and no man will be more missed in Masonic circles than he.

Mr. Stevens was the first regent of Corcoran Council, No. 63, Royal Arcanum; a Past Warden of Malbone Lodge, No. 93, New England Order of Protection; secretary of the St. John's Mutual Beneficial Association; a former Spangler of Ocean Lodge, No. 7, A. O. U. W.; a member of the New England Workmen; financier of Mount Vernon Commandery, United Order of the Golden Cross; a member of the Rhode Island Society, Sons of the Revolution; and a member of the Mitanomni, Lawrence and County Clubs.

He is survived by a widow, who was the daughter of the late George C. Munroe, and one daughter, Miss Katherine M. Stevens. He also leaves a brother, William T. Stevens, of Fall River.

Funeral services will be held at his late residence on Broadway Sunday afternoon at 2.30. St. Paul's Lodge will conduct the Masonic ritual and Washington Commandery will perform recort duty. Rev. William Safford Jones of the Channing Church will officiate.

Mrs. Eliza S. Thurston, widow of Joseph L. Thurston, died in New Bedford last Sunday, in the eighty-second year of her age. The body was brought to this city and funeral services held at the Friends Meeting House. The interment was in the Friends cemetery on White street.

Superior Court.

The October session of the Superior Court for Newport County opened on Monday with prospects of a three weeks' session. Judge Brown presided. The docket was called over and some of the cases that had been assigned for trial at this session were further continued, among them being that of Weldhorn vs. Hammett. The grand jury was sent out to consider a number of cases presented by the assistant attorney general. An indictment was found against Henry Fitzold for larceny from the store of A. & H. G. Hammett, and one against William Champlin for assault with a dangerous weapon. Fitzold pleaded not guilty and sentence was deferred during his good behavior.

Tuesday morning a number of divorce cases were heard. Charles A. Fitchman was granted a divorce from Mary P. Fitchman. Mr. Callaghan for plaintiff. Herbert A. Negus was given a divorce from Adelaide Louise Negus, Mr. Levy for petitioner.

The court was in session less than half an hour on Wednesday and found nothing much to do. A few minor matters were attended to and court then adjourned until Thursday.

There was a jury trial in the Superior Court on Thursday, the first of the session. The case was that of Peter J. Leonard vs. the Newport & Wickford Railroad and Steamboat Company for alleged breach of contract, and the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff for compensation at the rate of \$500 a year, the amount claimed.

The court adjourned until Monday morning.

A meeting of the representative council was hastily called for Friday evening, October 11, for the purpose of filling the vacancy caused by the death of City Clerk David Stevens. This action was imperative as important city matters demanded the attention of a fully qualified official. It was not expected that the other important matters that require the attention of the council would be acted on at that time as another meeting is to be called later.

Mrs. Jacob Schleith is seriously ill at her home on Mann avenue, but her family are hopeful of her recovery.

Chief Kirwin has been in Washington the past week attending the annual convention of fire chiefs.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Proud are visiting Mrs. Proud's relatives in Greenwich, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert K. Sherman are visiting friends in Scitout, Pa.

Middletown.

The marriage of Miss Martha Louise Peckham, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. Peckham, to Mr. John Barker Ward, only son of Mrs. George E. Ward, was solemnized at 4 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel. The pretty little church was attractively decorated, tall palms being placed effectively at the church steps, and the altar and chancel rail bearing white chrysanthemums and asparagus ferns. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Latta Griswold in the presence of a large company of relatives and friends. The bride was handsomely gowned in white meringue and carried a large bouquet of bride's roses with loopings of white satin. She was accompanied by her father, Mr. Arthur L. Peckham, who gave her away, and was attended by the groom's sister, Miss Hazel Ward, as maid of honor, attractively dressed in white organdy and lace, over pale green tulle. She wore a white hat trimmed with delicate green and carried a large bouquet of pink carnations with broad streamers of pink satin ribbon. The ushers were Mr. Elton W. Peckham, a cousin of the bride, and Mr. John Nicholson, who wore white plaids, and the duties of best man were performed by Mr. Alphon Foster of Boston.

A short musical program was rendered at the organ previous to the ceremony by Mr. E. P. Lake of Newport. At the conclusion of the services at the chapel, a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents on Paradise Avenue which was confined to only relatives and intimate friends. Salads, rolls, ice cream and fruit punch were served. "The bride was the recipient of many beautiful gifts. The newly wedded couple left for Boston during the evening and will begin house-keeping in Wollaston, Mass. Mr. Ward has been engaged for several years in the electrical business in Boston. Mrs. Ward will be much missed in social circles in which she has held an active part, having been for the past year president of the Paradise Reading Club.

Rev. H. H. Critchlow of the M. E. Church of which Mr. Smith had long been a member, conducted the funeral services, on Sunday afternoon, of the late William Smith, at his former home on Paradise avenue. There was a large attendance. The church quartette—Mr. Wm. J. Peckham, Miss Louise Barker, Mrs. Ida Brown and Mr. A. Herbert Ward—sang "Peace, Perfect Peace," "O, Sweet and Blessed Country," and "We are Gathering Home." The interment was in the family lot at the Cemetery at the Four Corners where Mr. Critchlow read the committal services. The bearers were his two sons, Millard E. and Arnold Smith, his grandson, Robert Smith, and his nephew Alvah Smith.

The Spoilers.

By REX E. BEACH.

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CHAPTER X.

Uprick the three negroes fled, past other camps, to where the stream branched. Here they took to the right and urged their horses along a forsaken trail to the headwaters of the little tributary and over the low saddle. They had endeavored to reach unfrequented paths as soon as possible in order that they might pass unnoticed. Before quitting the valley they halted their heaving horses and, selecting a stagnant pool, scoured the grease paint from their features as best they could. Their ears were strained for sounds of pursuit, but as the moments passed and none came the tension eased somewhat, and they conversed guardedly. As the morning light spread they crossed the moss capped summit of the range, but paused again, and, removing two saddles, hid them among the rocks. Slapjack left the others here and rode southward down the Dry Creek trail toward town, while the partners shifted part of the weight from the overloaded pack mules to the remaining saddle animals and continued eastward along the barren comb of hills on foot, leading the five horses.

"It don't seem like we'll get away this easy," said Dextery, scanning the back trail. "If we do, I'll be tempted to follow the business regular. This grease paint on my face makes me smell like a minstrel man. I bet we'll get some bully press notices tomorrow."

"I wonder what Helen was doing there," Glenister answered irrelevantly, for he had been more shaken by his encounter with her than at his part in the rest of the enterprise, and his mind, which should have been busied with the flight, held nothing but pictures of her as she stood in the half darkness under the fear of his Winchester. "What if she ever learned who that black ruffian was?" He quailed at the thought.

"Say, Dex, I am going to marry that girl."

"I dunno if you be or not," said Dextery. "Better watch McNamara."

"What?" The younger man stopped and stared. "What do you mean?"

"Go on. Don't stop the horses. I ain't blind. I kin put two an' two together."

"You'll never put those two together. Nonsense! Why, the man's a rascal. I wouldn't let him have her. Besides, it couldn't be. She'll find him out. I love her so much to talk about." He moved his hands eloquently. "You can't understand."

"Um-h! I s'pose not," grunted Dextery, but his eyes were level and held the light of the past.

"He may be a rascal," the old man continued, after a little. "I'll put in with you on that, but he's a handsome devil, and as for manners he makes you look like a logger. He's a brave man too. Them three quailies are trump cards and warranted to take most any queen in the human deck—red, white or yellow."

"If he dares," growled Glenister, while his thick brows came forward, and ugly lines hardened to his face.

In the gray of the early morning they descended the foothills into the wide valley of the Nome river and filed out across the rolling country to the river bluffs where, cleverly concealed among the willows, was a rocker. This they set up, then proceeded to wash the dirt from the sacks carefully, yet with the utmost speed, for there was serious danger of discovery. It was wonderful, this treasure of the richest ground since the days of '49, and the men worked with shining eyes and hands a-tremble. The gold was coarse, and many ragged, yellow lumps, too large to pass through the screen, rolled in the hopper, while the aprons belled with its weight. In the pans which they had provided there grew a glimmering heap of wet, raw gold.

Shortly, by divergent routes, the partners rode unnoted into town and into the excitement of the hotlip news, while the fairly still lingered over their breakfasts. Far out in the roadstead lay the Roanoke, black smoke pouring from her stack. A tug was returning from its last trip to her.

Glenister forced his lathered horse down to the beach and questioned the longshoremen who hung about.

"No. It's too late to get aboard—the last tender is on its way back," they informed him. "If you want to go to the outside, you'll have to wait for the fleet. That only means another week, and—these she blows now."

A ribbon of white angled with the velvet from the steamer's funnel, and there came a slow, throbbing, farewell blast.

Glenister's jaw clicked and squared. "Quick, you men!" he cried to the sailors. "I want the lightest dory on the beach and the strongest oarsmen in the crowd. I'll be back in five minutes. There's a hundred dollars in it for you if we catch that ship."

He whirled and spurred up through the mud of the streets. Bill Wheaton was snoring luxuriously when wrenched from his bed by a disheveled man who shook him into wakefulness and into a portion of his clothes, with a storm of excited instructions. The lawyer had neither time nor opportunity for expostulation, for Glenister snatched a valise and swept into it a litter of documents from the table.

"Hurry up, man!" he yelled, as the lawyer dived frantically about his office in a rabbit-like hunt for items. "My heavens, are you dead? Wake up! The ship's leaving." With sleep still in his eyes, Wheaton was dragged down the street to the beach, where a knot had assembled to witness the scene. As they trooped into the skiff,

willing hands ran it out into the surf on the crest of a roller. A few lifting heaves and they were over the bar with the men at the oars bending the white ash at every swing.

"I guess I didn't forget anything," gasped Wheaton as he put on his coat. "I got ready yesterday, but I couldn't find you last night, so I thought the deal was off."

Glenister stripped off his coat and, facing the bow, pushed upon the oars at every stroke, thus adding his strength to that of the oarsmen. They crept rapidly out from the beach, eating up the two miles that lay toward the ship. He urged the men with all his power till the sweat soaked through their clothes and, under their clinging shirts, the muscles stood out like iron. They had covered half the distance when Wheaton uttered a cry and Glenister desisted from his work with a curse. The Roanoke was moving slowly.

The rowers rested, but the young man shouted at them to begin again, and, seizing a boat hook, stuck it into the arm of his coat. He waved this on high while the men redoubled their efforts. For many moments they lunged in suspense, watching the black hull as it gathered speed, and then, as they were about to cease their effort, a puff of steam burst from its whistle and the next moment a short toot of recognition reached them. Glenister wiped the moisture from his brow and grinned at Wheaton.

A quarter of an hour later as they lay heaving below the ship's steel sides he thrust a heavy buckskin sack into the lawyer's hand.

"There's money to win the fight, Bill. I don't know how much, but it's tough. God bless you. Hurry back!"

A sailor cast them a whirling rope, up which Wheaton clambered; then, tying the gripsack to its end, they sent it after.

"Important!" the young man yelled at the officer on the bridge. "Government business." He heard a muffled clang in the engine room, the thrash of the propellers followed, and the big ship glided past.

As Glenister dragged himself up the beach upon landing Helen Chester called to him and made room for him beside her. It had never been necessary to call him to her side before, and equally unfamiliar was the abashment or perhaps physical weariness that led the young man to sink back in the warm sand with a sigh of relief. She noted that for the first time the audacity was gone from his eyes.

"I watched your race," she began. "It was very exciting, and I cheered for you."

He smiled quietly. "What made you keep on after the ship started? I should have given up—and cried."

"I never give up anything that I want," he said.

"Have you never been forced to? Then it is because you are a man. Women have to sacrifice a great deal."

Helen expected him to continue to the effect that he would never give her up—it was in accordance with his earlier presumption—but he was silent, and she was not sure that she liked him as well thus as when he overwhelmed her with the boldness of his suit. For Glenister it was delightful, after the perils of the night, to rest in the calm of her presence and to feel dumbly that she was near. She saw him secretly caress a fold of her dress.

If only she had not the memory of that one night on the ship. "Still, he is trying to make amends in the best way he can," she thought. "Though of course no woman could care for a man who would do such a thing." Yet she thrilled at the thought of how he had thrust his body between her and danger; how, but for his quick, instant action, she would have fallen in escaping from the pest ship, fallen in her mission and met death on the night of her landing. She owed him much.

"Did you hear what happened to the good ship Ohio?" she asked.

"No. I've been too busy to inquire. I was told the health officers quarantined her when she arrived, that's all."

"She was sent to Egg Island with every one aboard. She has been there more than a month now and may not get away this summer."

"What a disappointment for the poor devils on her!"

"Yes, and only for what you did, I should be one of them," Helen remarked.

"I didn't do much," he said. "The fighting part is easy. It's not half so hard as to give up your property and lie still while—"

"Did you do that because I asked you to—because I asked you to put aside the old ways?" A wave of compassion swept over her.

"Certainly," he answered. "It didn't come easy, but—"

"Oh, I thank you," said she. "I know it is all for the best. Uncle Arthur wouldn't do anything wrong, and Mr. McNamara is an honorable man."

He turned toward her to speak, but refrained. He could not tell her what he felt certain of. She believed in her own blood and in her uncle's friends, and it was not for him to speak of McNamara. The rules of the game sealed his lips.

She was thinking again. "If only you had not acted as you did," she longed to help him now in his trouble as he had helped her, but what could she do? The law was such a confusing, intricate, perplexing thing.

"I spent last night at the Midas," she told him, "and rode back early this morning. That was a daring holdup, wasn't it?"

"What holdup?"

"Why haven't you heard the news?"

"No," he answered steadily. "I just got up."

"Your claim was robbed. Three men overcame the watchman at midnight and cleaned the boxes."

His stimulation of excited astonishment was perfect, and he raised a shower of questions upon her. She noted with approval that he did not look her in the eye, however. He was not an accomplished liar. Now, McNamara had a countenance of iron. Unconsciously she made comparison, and the young man at her side did not lose thereby.

"Yes, I saw it all," she concluded, after recounting the details. "The negro wanted to blind me so that I could not give the alarm, but his chivalry prevented. He was a most gallant ducky."

"What did you do when they left?"

"Why, I kept my word and waited until they were out of sight; then I roused the camp and set Mr. McNamara and his men right after them down the gulch."

"Down the gulch?" spoke Glenister, off his guard.

"Yes, of course. Did you think they went upstream?" She was looking squarely at him now, and he dropped his eyes. "No; the posse started in that direction, but I put them right."

There was an odd light in her glance, and he felt the blood drumming in his ears.

She sent them downstream! So that was why there had been no pursuit! Then she must suspect—she must know everything! Glenister was stunned. Again his love for the girl surged tumultuously within him and demanded expression. But Miss Chester, no longer feeling sure that she had the situation in hand, had already started to return to the hotel. "I saw the men distinctly," she told him before they separated, "and I could identify them all."

At his own house Glenister found Dextery reinforcing the stains of the night's adventure.

"Miss Chester recognized us last night," he announced.

"How do you know?"

"She told me so just now, and what's more she sent McNamara and his crowd down the creek instead of up. That's why we got away so easily."

"Well, well—ain't she a brick? She's even with us now. By the way, I wonder how much we cleaned up, anyhow—let's weigh it." Going to the bed, Dextery turned back the blankets, exposing four wooskin sacks, wet and heavy, where he had thrown them.

"There must have been \$20,000 worth what I gave Wheaton," said Glenister.

At that moment, without warning, the door was flung open, and as the young man jerked the blankets into place he whirled, snatched the 'six shooter that Dextery had discarded and covered the entrance.

"Don't shoot, boy!" cried the newcomer, breathlessly. "My, but you're nervous!"

Glenister dropped his gun. It was Cherry Malotte, and from her heaving breast and the flying colors in her cheeks the men saw she had been running. She did not give them time to question, but closed and locked the door while the words came tumbling from her:

"They're on to you, boys—you'd better duck out quick. They're on their way up here now."

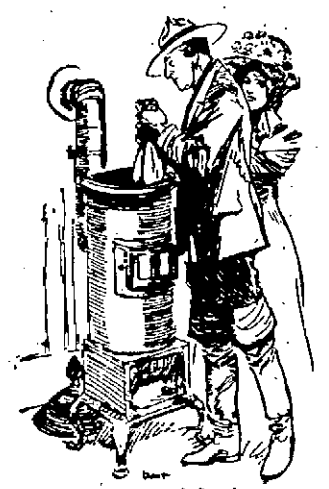
"What?"

"Who?"

"Quick! I heard McNamara and Voorhees, the marshal, talking. Somebody has spotted you for the holdups. They're on their way now. I tell you. I sneaked out by the back way and came here through the mud. Say, but I'm a sight!" She stamped her trimly booted feet and dirtied her skirt.

"I don't savvy what you mean," said Dextery, glancing at his partner warily. "We ain't done nothing."

"Well, it's all right then. I took a long chance so you could make a get-away if you wanted to, because they've got warrants for you for that sluice



The four sacks were dropped softly into the featherly bottom.

robbery last night. Here they are now." She darted to the window, the men peering over her shoulder. Coming up the narrow walk they saw Voorhees, McNamara and three others.

The house stood somewhat isolated and well back on the tundra, so that any one approaching it by the plankling had an unobstructed view of the premises. Escape was impossible, for the back door led out into the ankle deep mud of the open prairie, and it was now apparent that a sixth man had made a circuit and was approaching from the rear.

"My God! They'll search the place," said Dextery, and the men looked grimly in each other's faces.

Then in a flash Glenister stripped back the blankets and seized the "pokes," leaping into the back room. In another instant he returned with them and faced desperately the candid bareness of the little room that they lived and slept in. Nothing could be hidden; it was folly to think of it. There was a loft overhead, he remembered hopefully, then realized that the pursuers would search there first of all.

"I told you he was a hard fighter," said Dextery as the quick footsteps grew louder. "He ain't no fool, neither. Stood on our heels" caught in the mountains, I reckon we'll shoot it out here. We should have cached that

gold somewhere."

He spun the cylinder of his blackened Colt, while his face grew hard and vulture-like.

Meanwhile Cherry Malotte watched the hunted look in Glenister's face grow wilder and then stiffen into the stubbornness of a man at bay. The posse was at the door now, knocking. The three inside stood rigid and strained. Then Glenister tossed his burden on the bed.

"Go into the back room, Cherry; there's going to be trouble."

"Who's there?" Inquired Dextery through the door, to gain time. Suddenly, without a word, the girl glided to the hot blast heater, now cold and empty, which stood in a corner of the room. These stoves, used widely in the north, are vertical iron cylinders into which coal is poured from above. She lifted the lid and peered in to find it a quarter full of dead ashes, then turned with shining eyes and parted lips to Glenister. He caught the hint, and in an instant the four sacks were dropped softly into the featherly bottom and the ashes raked over. The daring maneuver was almost as quick as the flash of woman's wit that prompted it and was carried through while the answer to Dextery's question was still unspoken.

Then Glenister opened the door carelessly and admitted the group of men.

"We've got a search warrant to look through your house," said Voorhees.

"What are you looking for?"

"Gold dust from Anvil creek."

"All right—search away."

They rapidly searched the premises, covering every inch, paying no heed to the girl, who watched them with indifferent eyes, nor to the old man, who glared at their every movement. Glenister was carelessly sarcastic, although he kept his right arm free, while beneath his sangfroid was a thoroughly trained alertness.

McNamara directed the search with a manner wholly lacking in his former mock courtesy. It was as though he had been sored by the gall of defeat. The mask had fallen off now, and his character showed—insistent, overbearing, cruel. Toward the partners he preserved a contemptuous silence.

The invaders ransacked thoroughly, while a dozen times the hearts of Cherry Malotte and her two companions stopped, then lunged onward, as McNamara or Voorhees approached, then passed the stove. At last Voorhees lifted the lid and peered into its dark interior. At the same instant the girl cried out sharply, flinging herself from her position while the marshal jerked his head back in time to see her dash upon Dextery.

"Don't! Don't!" She cried her appeal to the old man. "Keep cool. You'll be sorry, Dex—they're almost through."

The officer had not seen any movement on Dextery's part, but doubtless her quick eye had detected signs of violence. McNamara emerged, glowering, from the back room at that moment.

"Let them hunt," the girl was saying, while Dextery stared dazedly over her head. "They won't find anything. Keep cool and don't get rash."

Voorhees' duties sat uncomfortably upon him at the best, and, looking at the smoldering eyes of the two men, he became averse to further search in a powdery household whose members itched to shoot him in the back.

"It isn't here," he reported, but the politician only scowled, then spoke for the first time directly to the partners: "I've got warrants for both of you, and I'm tempted to take you in, but I won't. I'm not through yet—not by any means. I'll get you—get you both."

He turned out of the door, followed by the marshal, who called off his guards, and the group filed back along the walk.

"Say, you're a jewel, Cherry. You've saved us twice. You caught Voorhees just in time. My heart bit my palate when he looked into that stove, but the next instant I wanted to laugh at Dextery's expression."

Impulsively Glenister laid his hands upon her shoulders. At his look and touch her throat swelled, her bosom heaved and the silken lids fluttered until she seemed choked by a very flood of sweet womanliness. She blushed like a little maid and laughed a timid, broken laugh. Then, pulling herself together, the merry careless tone came into her voice, and her cheeks grew cool and clear.

"You wouldn't trust me at first, eh? Some day you'll find that your old friends are the best after all."

And as she left them she added mockingly:

"Say, you're a pair of 'shines' desperados. You need a governess."

CHAPTER XI.

RAW, gray day, with a driving drizzle from seaward and a leaden rack of clouds drifting low, untraced the sullen, fitful mood of Glenister.

During the last month he had chafed and fretted like an animal in leash for word of Wheaton. This uncertainty, this impotent waiting with folded hands, was maddening to one of his spirit. He could apply himself to no fixed duty, for the sense of his wrong preyed on him sorely, and he found himself hounding the vicinity of the Midas, gazing at it from afar, grasping hungrily for such scraps of news as chance led to reach him. McNamara allowed access to none but his minions, so the partners knew but vaguely of what happened on their property, even though, under fiction of the law, it was being worked for their protection.

No steps regarding a speedy hearing of the case were allowed, and the collision between Judge Stillman and the receiver had become so generally recognized that there were uneasy mutterings and threats in many quarters. Yet, although the politician had by now virtually absorbed all the richest properties in the district and worked them through his hirelings, the people of Nome, as a whole, did not grasp the full magnitude of the scheme nor the system's perfect working.

Strange to say, Dextery, the fire eater, had assumed an oriental patience quite foreign to his peppy disposition and spent much of his time in the hills prospecting.

On this day, as the clouds broke

gold somewhere."

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about noon, close down on the angry horizon a drift of smoke appeared, shortly resolving itself into a steamer. She lay to in the oiling, and through his glasses Glenister saw that it was the Roanoke. As the hours passed and no boat put off, he tried to hire a crew, but the longshoremen spat wildly and shook their heads as they watched the surf.

"There's the devil of an undertow setting" along this beach," they told him. "and the water's too cold to brood in comfortable." So he held firm hands upon his fustian.

Every day meant many dollars to the watcher, and yet it seemed that nature was resolute in thwarting him, for that night the wind freshened, and daylight saw the ship hugging the lee of Sledge Island, miles to the westward, while the surf, white as boiling milk, boomed and thundered against the shore.

Word had gone through the street that Bill Wheaton was aboard with a writ or a subpoena or an alibi or whatever was necessary to put the "kibosh" on McNamara, so public excitement grew. McNamara hoarded his gold in the Alaska bank, and it was taken for granted that there would be the scene of the struggle. No one supposed for an instant that the usurper would part with the treasure peacefully.

On the third morning the ship lay abreast of the town again, and a lifeboat was seen to make off from her, whereupon the idle population streamed toward the beach.

"She'll make it to the surf all right, but then watch out!"

"We'd better make ready to haul 'em out," said another. "It's mighty dangerous." And, sure enough, as the skiff came rushing in through the breakers she was caught.

She had made it past the first line, soaring over the bar on a foamy roller crest like a storm driven gull whirling in toward the land. The wily figure of Bill Wheaton crouched in the stern, while two sailors fought with their oars. As they gathered for their rush through the last zone of froth a great comb rose out of the sea behind them, rearing high above their heads. The crowd on the surf's edge shouted. The boat wavered, sucked back into the ocean's angry maw, and with a crash the deluge engulfed them. There remained nothing but a swirling bottom up, amid a tangle of oars, gratings and gear.

Men rushed into the water, and the next roller pounded them back upon the marble hard sand. There came the sound of splitting wood, and then a group swarmed in waist deep and bore out a dripping figure. It was a bearded seaman, who shook the water from his mane and grinned when his breath had come.

A step farther down the beach the bystanders seized a limp form which the tide rolled to them. It was the second sailor, his scalp split from a blow of the gunwale. Nowhere was Wheaton.

Glenister had plunged to the rescue first, a heaving line about his middle, and, although buffeted about, he had reached the wreck, only to miss sight of the lawyer utterly. He had time for but a glance when he was drawn outward by the undertow till the line at his waist grew taut, then the water surged over him and he was hurled high up on the beach again. He staggered dizzily back to the struggle, when suddenly a wave lifted the cap-sized cutter and righted it, and out from beneath shot the form of Wheaton, grimly clutching the life ropes. They brought him in choking and breathless.

"I got it," he said, slapping his streaming breast. "It's all right, Glenister. I knew what delay meant, so I took a long chance with the surf." The terrible ordeal he had undergone had blanched him to the lips, his legs wobbled uncertainly, and he would have fallen but for the young man, who thrust an arm about his waist and led him up into the town.

"I went before the circuit court of appeals to 'Prisco," he explained later, "and they issued orders allowing an appeal from this court and gave me a writ of superseas directed against old Judge Stillman. That takes the litigation out of his hands altogether and directs McNamara to turn over the Midas and all the gold he's got. What do you think of that? I did better than I expected."

Glenister wrung his hand silently, while a great satisfaction came upon him. At last this waiting was over and his peaceful yielding to injustice had borne fruit—had proved the better course after all, as the girl had prophesied. He could go to her now with clean hands. The mine was his again. He would lay it at her feet, telling her once more of his love and the change it was working in him. He would make her see it—make her see that beneath the harshness his years in the wild had given him his love for her was gentle and true and all absorbing. He would bid her be patient till she saw he had mastered himself, till he could come with his soul in harness.

"I am glad I didn't fight when they jumped us," he said. "Now we'll get our property back and all the money they took out—that is, if McNamara hasn't sailed it."

"Yes, all that's necessary is to file the documents, then serve the judge and McNamara. You'll be back on Anvil creek tomorrow."

Having placed their documents on record at the courthouse, the two men continued to McNamara's office. He met them with courtesy.

"I heard you had a narrow escape this morning, Mr. Wheaton. Too bad! What can I do for you?"

The lawyer rapidly outlined his position and stated in conclusion:

"I filed certified copies of these orders with the clerk of the court ten minutes ago, and now I make formal demand upon you to turn over the Midas to Messrs. Glenister and Dextery and also to return all the gold dust in your safe deposit boxes in accordance with this writ." He handed his documents to McNamara, who tossed them on his desk without examination.

"Well," said the politician quietly, "I won't do it."

Had he been, slapped in the face the

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.

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Newport, R. I.

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Saturday, October 12, 1907.

Newport took a very prominent part in the Republican State Convention on Thursday.

Now that the statisticians have announced that the world's production of coal last year was 1,105,478,707 tons, of which the United States produced 414,157,278 tons, let them explain why there is trouble in supplying fuel for sixteen battle ships bound for the Pacific.

It is an old trick for the leader of the Tammany organization to call for the appointment of deputy sheriffs for the purpose of giving the impression of prospective trouble in order to keep decent folks from attending the primaries, yet it seems to work every year, says the N. Y. Sun.

A person who claims to know, but probably doesn't, says that John D. Rockefeller is today worth over five hundred millions. Poor man! A year ago his paper wealth was nine hundred millions. At this rate of shrinkage in one year how long will it be before the public will have to take up a collection for him?

Republican national committeemen say that Speaker Cannon is the choice for President next year of nearly all Republican Congressmen and also that "Democratic Congressmen and ex-Congressmen would like to see Uncle Joe land the nomination," so says an Exchange. But all the same "Uncle Joe" will have to be content with what honors he has already had as he will never get any higher.

The Massachusetts Democratic politicians are making haste to get out of the deluge they see coming on the 6th day of November. The two Democratic candidates for Governor are sticking but their underlings on the tickets are rapidly taking to the woods. Bartlett's candidates for Lieutenant Governor and Secretary of State have fled, and Whitney's Attorney General declines the honor of defeat by the votes of the people. There are said to be more resignations in sight.

The Massachusetts ballot law commission has ruled that it would, in case of a contested nomination, accept the first certificate filed as a prima facie case, and would require the sponsors of the papers filed second to prove that the first were not legal. This ruling demonstrated that the strategy of the managers for Henry M. Whitney with the Secretary of State prior to the entry of the nomination papers of Gen. Charles W. Bartlett was successful, in that it gave the Whitney cause a strong advantage so far as the legal proceedings go.

A Canadian Government organ says the Dominion would not accept the reciprocity proposed by H. M. Whitney, Democratic candidate for governor of Massachusetts. This will make no difference to Mr. Whitney. He needs a campaign issue, and Canada will not be permitted to tamper with it. We believe that Mr. Whitney is a large owner of coal mines in the Province. Reciprocity with Canada would doubtless put many millions in his pocket, a truly disinterested politician.

The Chicago Tribune has made a poll of the voters in what is known as the Middle West and finds these states largely for Taft as the Republican nominee next year. It finds that Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Dakotas, Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri, and Kansas with 270 electoral votes are for him solidly as the first or second choice. If he can corral that number of votes on the start he ought to have a good lead in the convention.

The Republican party in this city has nominated the old ticket for re-election to the General Assembly. The really important issue before the people of Newport this year is the re-election of Senator Wetmore to the U. S. Senate. In that issue the Republicans and Democrats alike are interested, for it affects in a large degree the prosperity of the city. The stand taken by the Newport members of the General Assembly last year makes Senator Wetmore's election this year possible, and if the people of Newport wish to have that desired object brought about they must vote for the re-election of this General Assembly ticket.

It requires a pretty smart geographical scholar to keep track of the whereabouts of the present administration at all times. The President himself is somewhere among the cane brakes of Louisiana and wants to be let alone. The same old bears he is hunting and thus far they seem to have succeeded. The Secretary of State is lost somewhere in Mexico. The greasers have got him and they seem to like him. The ponderous Secretary of War is telling the little Japs how much he loves them. With all the heavyweights of the nation, both intellectually and physically, in foreign parts the clerks seem to get along very well running the government for Uncle Sam.

Senator Wetmore ought to be well pleased with his reception in the State Convention.

Frederick H. Jackson.

The Republicans of Rhode Island in convention on Thursday with entire unanimity and marked enthusiasm nominated Lieut. Governor Frederick H. Jackson for the Republican candidate for Governor of Rhode Island at the coming election. Lieut. Governor Jackson has been twice elected Lieut. Governor, and has always run ahead of his ticket. He is much beloved and esteemed wherever he is known. Gov. Jackson was in his early years a school teacher, but he has long been in business and for the last 10 years has been a resident of Providence. He became a pedagogue in the natural course of events for his father, the late Rev. Frederick J. Jackson, one of the original abolitionists and a Presbyterian minister, was conducting a boys' school, the Jackson Military Institute, when the lieutenant governor came to manhood.

Having received his education in this school, then located at Danbury, Conn., he entered Cornell in 1869, the year in which the school was removed to Ithaca, N. Y., and became a member of Kappa Alpha fraternity. His father had previously been a resident of New York, for the lieutenant governor was born in Kirkland, Oneida county, Oct. 9, 1847. His birthplace is within sight of Hamilton college and in boyhood he was a neighbor of Secretary of State Elihu Root.

Continued ill health made it necessary for him to relinquish his studies in November, 1871. Later and for eight years he was a teacher and military instructor in his father's school, being commandant of cadets and an assistant adjutant general of the national guard of the State.

Like the other officers he has filled, this National Guard appointment came to him unsolicited. He was made an aide on the staff of the Seventh brigade and later became chief of staff and assistant adjutant general. The Seventh brigade included the State troops between the Harlem river, and including Newburg, a total of five counties, the organizations being the 27th regiment, the 16th battalion, the 19th battalion and the First Separate troop of cavalry.

In 1884 he went west for two years, but returned to resume the duties of special agent in life insurance, which he had filled for a short time previously. In 1891 he went to Providence to take the place made vacant by the resignation of James M. Scott as local agent of the Mutual Life Insurance Company.

A man of varied interests, prominent in the Central Congregational Church and in the Young Men's Christian Association of Providence, Mr. Jackson was a member of the Providence Athletic Association and of the Country Club during the life of those organizations.

He is president of the Providence Board of Trade—a position to which he has been unanimously chosen for five consecutive terms.

As a presiding officer he is dignified, courteous and eminently fair. In the opportunities he has had of occupying the seat of the presiding officer of the Senate, he has made an excellent impression by the ready despatch of business. As lieutenant governor, he has had little to do, of course, for with an active governor calling the meetings of the senate to order, the lieutenant governor of Rhode Island is about as useful as the Vice President of the United States, or as the extra tire carried on touring cars—useful in case of need, but seldom needed.

Lieutenant Governor Jackson has a wide acquaintance in the State and has broadened and extended this during the two years he has served in the office from which the Republicans of the State propose to advance him to the post of standard bearer of his party for the coming campaign.

That he is regarded as politically strong is shown by the election of last year, when he ran ahead of Governor Uter and only 348 behind Governor Higgins, his vote being 2184 ahead of the Democratic vote for Charles Sisson of Providence and 1508 ahead of the combined Democratic and Prohibition vote for the Democratic candidate.

Personally, Lieut. Gov. Jackson is very well liked by those who know him. Tall and stalwart, he is urbane and dignified, making friends readily and retaining them. He has never sought office, and in fact, when he was first nominated lieutenant governor on the ticket with former Gov. Uter, two years ago, it was while he was absent from the city, and before his consent had been obtained. He has never sought office, but he has filled with marked ability every position to which he has been chosen.

Vice-President Fairbanks is a Mason. He said recently that he went through Masonry with great speed. He added: "The thirty-three degrees of Masonry I made in eleven months, and at the end of that time I regretted that I couldn't make them again. Masonry will never die. It is immortal, because the fundamental principles of Masonry are based on religion. Masonry is the greatest and oldest institution in the world. The order goes back to ancient history, almost to the beginning of the human race, and its origin way back in history has come down to us not weaker but with a strength that scarcely knows any limitations. It is a sweet and splendid organization to which we owe our allegiance."

Mr. and Mrs. James I. Bowler are enjoying their vacation, which they are spending at the Mountains.

Republican State Convention.

The Republican State Convention was held in Providence on Thursday. There was a large representation present from every town and city in the State. Col. William P. Sheffield of Newport presided and made a stirring address. Senator Wetmore was present and received generous applause. The delegates from Newport County were:

Newport—First Ward, Robert Kerr, Lewis H. Raymond, Max Levy, Second Ward, Robert S. Burlingame, William H. Jackson, Clark Burdick, Third Ward, William P. Sheffield, Jr., William P. Burlingame, Herbert Hill, Fourth Ward, R. S. Franklin, W. P. Adams, William F. Robinson, Fifth Ward, E. S. Rawson, James McNeill, Harold A. Peckham.

Portsmouth—Elbridge L. Stoddard, Henry C. Anthony, Arthur C. Chase, R. P. Manchester, John L. C. Harrington, Walter A. Sowle.

Middletown—Charles A. Ward, Howard K. Peckham, Henry C. Sherman, I. Newton Dennis, Nathaniel L. Chappin, Jr., James R. Chase.

New Shoreham—J. Eugene Littlefield, E. S. Payne, H. C. Littlefield, B. F. Arnold, Burton E. Dodge, L. B. Mott.

Jamestown—William F. Caswell, Isaac H. Clarke, Charles E. Weedon, William A. Barber, Benjamin S. Cottrill, Fred B. Lawton.

Tiverton—William Smith, Eben Andrews, Henry G. Douglas, John W. Kenney, Charles F. Adams, James W. Littlejohn.

Little Compton—Abraham Manchester, Roswell B. Burchard, William H. Briggs, William O. Shell, Arthur C. Wilbur, George F. White.

The following nominations were unanimously made:

For Governor—Frederick H. Jackson of Providence.

For Lieutenant Governor—Ralph C. Watrous of Warwick.

For Secretary of State—Charles P. Bennett of Providence.

For Attorney General—William B. Greenwood of Providence.

For General Treasurer—Walter A. Reed of Gloucester.

Ex-Governor George H. Uter was chairman of the platform committee and reported the following resolutions which were unanimously adopted:

The Republican party of Rhode Island, in conformity with the platform of the national party and the platform of the State party, and in recognition of the fact that the support of the people at the election to be held on the 6th day of November, on the basis of the platform of the national party, is the only basis of success, do hereby declare the following principles:

"First—We reaffirm our allegiance to the national Republican party and to the declaration of principles on which it was founded. We recognize the fact that the organization is a national one, and that political success many times requires a proper yielding of personal ambition to the interests of the party. We declare ourselves opposed absolutely to all forms of political corruption commonly described as 'bossism,' whether in the form of a party or of a public officer or of a political party, and we pledge to the regularly elected officers and members of the party, whether they be citizens or aliens, the hearty support of the Republican party in opposing such corruption or 'bossism' at all times.

"Third—While the savings and moneyed interests of our citizens have been wonderfully well conserved and safeguarded by the sound and financial institutions, yet in view of the enormous amounts to which their deposits have attained, the Republican majority in the last General Assembly of this State, upon the basis of a constitution to which we are pledged, and which we deem it our duty to support and recommend such legislation as will safeguard these interests as might seem necessary and advisable, and we pledge ourselves to the maintenance by the next General Assembly of banking laws providing for the appointment of a bank examiner, and which shall also provide a reasonable and just oversight of the banks and societies doing business in this State.

"Fourth—The Republican party has upon its platform, and has before the people, a platform of reform and improvement, and it is the duty of the party to submit to the people for their approval or disapproval, during the many years in which it has been in power, a record of its administration. The last 25 years seven amendments to the Constitution have been adopted, including extended suffrage, plurality elections, and the important amendments to the so-called revised Constitution, formulated by a non-partisan commission, including in its membership members of the Republican party, and the late David S. Baker and Edwin D. McQuinn, which gave the Executive the veto power, and the appointing power, and have secured the maintenance of the General Assembly of the larger cities and towns. This Constitution was opposed and defeated by the Democratic party. Many of the rank and file of the Democratic party, and some of the leaders, but because if all these measures were adopted at once they would have no effect, and would be a waste of time. We declare at the first opportunity our willingness to submit to the people for their approval or disapproval amendments to the Constitution which shall confer upon the chief Executive a substantial veto power, also an amendment which shall provide for a more equitable representation in the General Assembly for the cities and larger towns. We believe in, and we resolve to give to the State, through the action of the General Assembly, an economical and businesslike administration of the State, and to restrict such legislation as will be for the greatest public good to the greatest number of the people. We will guard the State against all forms of legislation and against every attempt by whomsoever made, to create class differences among the people.

"Sixth—We are gratified to call attention to the great prosperity which our State enjoys under Republican administration, to the exalted position she occupies in the commercial and mercantile world, and to the fact that the harmonious and profitable relations between labor and capital in our State are not excelled in any other Commonwealth in the Union. We believe that Republicanism signifies and supervenes these great and universally desired results.

"To make effective these declarations, we offer to the people of the State, and to the State officers who are known for their characters as men and for their abilities as public officials, and citizens who can be trusted to put into effect the promises hereby made by the party.

The resolution endorsing Senator Wetmore is as follows:

"We heartily approve of the recent action of the Republican State central committee in endorsing the candidacy of the Hon. George Peabody Wetmore of Newport, for the high office of United States Senator from the State of Rhode Island. While the welfare of the State is so closely linked with that of the United States Government, in the large naval training, torpedo and coasting stations, together with the important fortifications and Government reservations at the mouth of Narragansett bay, and while there is the urgent demand for improved channel and harbor facilities at the head of Narragansett bay, in order to render the city of Providence, as it is entitled to be by its situation, the first city in New England, the State of Rhode Island can ill afford to choose an inexperienced man who is not affiliated with the dominant party in that body to the United States Senate. We urge upon the electors of this State the importance, for the permanent future development of this State of electing a General Assembly who shall secure to this State the influential and intelligent services of Senator Wetmore for another term in the Senate, and we

hereby pledge to his candidacy our loyal support."

This resolution was adopted unanimously by a rising vote. Addresses were made by Senator Aldrich, Senator Wetmore and Congressman Capron. The Republican State Central Committee men from this county are: Newport, William G. Lander; Portsmouth, William L. Sisson; New Shoreham, C. C. Ball; Jamestown, William F. Caswell; Middletown, Edward A. Brown, Tiverton, George R. Lawton; Little Compton, Philip H. Wilbur.

Antonio Margado, a Portuguese section hand on the New Haven road, was struck and fatally injured by a locomotive on Tuesday, dying at the Newport Hospital on Thursday without having recovered consciousness. He was riding on a railroad velocipede when a special engine came along, bound to Newport. In the storm that prevailed he did not hear the whistle and was struck. He was quickly brought to Newport and conveyed to the hospital, where he died. He is survived by a widow.

There have been a number of changes in railroad and steamboat time tables during the past week. The early morning train from Newport for Boston has been taken off, and the trains now leave here at 6.50, 8.10, 9.00, 11.04 a.m., 1.00, 3.05, 5.00 and 9.00 p.m. The Fall River Line steamers now leave New York for Newport and Fall River at 5.00 instead of 5.30 p.m.

United States cruiser Prairie, Commander Ackerman, sailed through the harbor Sunday for Bradford, where she took on a supply of coal and on Wednesday proceeded to the League Island Navy Yard at Philadelphia. She had on board drafts of apprentice seamen for the several battleships there.

The late Admiral John G. Walker was with Farragut and Porter in their Mississippi River operations, and it is needless to add that he had a share in some of the hottest work at close quarters in which the navy of the United States has ever been engaged.

The funeral of Miss Florence Lyman, who died at her summer home in this city on Thursday last week, took place at the Church of the Immaculate Conception in Boston Tuesday morning.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Ethel Corie, daughter of Pay Inspector and Mrs. Thomas J. Cowie, to Dr. Robert Emmett Ledbetter, U. S. N.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

Wm. E. Brightman has rented for the owners of the Builders & Merchants Exchange their lower flat No. 21 on the easterly side of Colabaire street to J. H. Kinzel.

A. O'D. Taylor has let the upper half of the unfurnished double tenement house at No. 81 Second street, for Mrs. Murburg, to Charles Dennis.

A. O'D. Taylor has let the furnished house known as the "Engle Cottage" at No. 11 Key street for Miss Elizabeth S. Engle and Miss Mary Ann Engle to Brigadier-General Foulke of the United States Army, for one year.

Middletown.

Newport County Pomona Grange No. 4, Patrons of Husbandry, will meet on Thursday with Canolout Grange, Jamestown. Among the invited guests are Mrs. Hattie Voelker of Arnold's Mills, who holds the office of "Pomona" in the State Grange; Newport County Deputy F. W. O. Atlay of Little Compton; and President Edwards of Kingsport College. The lecturer's hour, which is open to the public at 1.30, will be devoted to the topic, "Glimpses at the wonders of the present age." It is expected that the Jamestown orchestra will furnish music.

Mrs. Minnie Johnston and her son, Moses Paul, who left early in September for Boston, have recently returned to their home on Aquidneck Avenue.

The ladies of the Middletown Women's Christian Temperance Union were entertained on Thursday afternoon by the Jamestown Union at the home of their president, Mrs. Cottrell. A delegation met the party at the boat and an interesting meeting was held, during which reports of the recent State convention held in Providence were given by Mrs. Cottrell and Mrs. Orinell. Refreshments were served.

Rev. Arthur N. Pease, formerly of the Berkeley Chapel, and recently from Manchester, N. H., will preach at the Chapel on Sunday morning. Mr. Pease has resigned his pastorate in New Hampshire to resume his former position at St. George's School as an instructor in mathematics. So phenomenal had his success been in this department that Mr. Dixson has been unable to replace him upon his resignation at the school in the spring of 1906. St. George's School will reopen on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Farrum of Fall River, who are well known in Middletown, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter on the 6th inst.

The artesian well drill, under the direction of Roy Barker of Providence, has put in shafts for Mr. Dudley Newton, Jr., Mr. James Barker, Mr. Joseph A. Peckham and Mr. R. T. Demery within the past month.

Although the work of placing the heating apparatus at the Witherbee School was not fully completed, so that school opened on Monday of this week. The school house seems to be a perfect duplicate of the former building.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Ward are entertaining this week their daughter, Mrs. Joseph E. Farrum of Providence.

Miss Louise Mason Hart, who has been ill at the Homoeopathic Hospital, Boston, since September 6th, with typhoid fever, is improving, and has been able to sit up for a short time.

The first fall meeting of Saint Columba's Guild was held with Mrs. J. Overton Peckham on Friday afternoon.

In spite of the storm on Tuesday the special Boston excursion carried a good number of passengers.

Weather Bulletin.

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Washington, D. C., Oct. 12, 1907.
Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent October 15 to 19, warm wave 14 to 18, cool wave 17 to 21. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Oct. 19, cross west of Rockies country by close of 20, great central valley 21 to 23, eastern states 24. Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about Oct. 19, great central valleys 21, eastern states 23. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about Oct. 22, great central valleys 24, eastern states 25.

This will be one of the severe storm periods of the month. Tropical storms may be expected on our southern coast not far from Oct. 24 and at the same time freezing temperatures to the middle northwest. Rainfall will increase and the cold wave will bring snows to northern sections.

Immediately following Oct. 12 a cold wave with frosts will come into the Missouri and Mississippi valleys from the Canadian northwest. These frosts will probably touch northern sections of the cotton belt. Following that cold wave a great high temperature wave is expected to cross the continent reaching meridian 90 about Oct. 16.

While I am expecting much good weather for corn gathering and cotton picking in November very severe storms are also expected. A part of these storms will occur on the continent and, of course, while they are passing, bad weather is to be expected. But while the Caribbean and Gulf tropical storms or hurricanes are in operation the continent usually has cool, clear weather. November will bring a full supply of these hurricanes.

Slowly, imperceptibly, almost sneakily, as the lights were turned down and the play began, he slid his hand along the back of the seat in which she sat.

Then he leaned toward her and whispered: "Laura," he said, between his set teeth, "I'll button up that gap in the back of your waist this time, but when you want anything of this kind done again you'll ask me to do it before we leave the house or, by ginger, you'll reach around and button it yourself." Whereat Mrs. Ferguson merely glared at her husband and said nothing.—Chicago Tribune.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

OCTOBER 1907.		STANDARD TIME.		High water.	
	Sun.	Moon.	Sun.	Moon.	Eve.
12 Sat	6 55 28	9 51 11	10 15	11 15	12 15
13 Sun	7 25 12	10 21 11	11 05	12 05	13 05
14 Mon	8 55 28	11 21 11	12 05	1 05	14 05
15 Tues	10 25 12	12 21 11	1 05	2 05	15 05
16 Wed	11 55 28	1 21 11	2 05	3 05	16 05
17 Thurs	1 25 12	2 21 11	3 05	4 05	17 05
18 Fri	2 55 28	3 21 11	4 05	5 05	18 05

New Moon, 7th day, 5h. 5m. morning.
Full Moon, 14th day, 5h. 1m. morning.
Last Quarter, 21st day, 4h. 5m. morning.
Last Quarter, 28th day, 2h. 5m. morning.

CHOICE COUNTRY RESIDENCE

For Sale. Superior House

On East Road, Middletown, R. I. On the Trolley line. With all modern accommodations, heating and plumbing. Also large stable and 1-1/2 acres of land. Easy distance from Newport, one of the most beautiful houses in Middletown. Apply to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,
132 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I.

Deaths.

In this city, 7th inst., at her residence, 25 H. West Narragansett avenue, Margaret A., wife of Timothy Murphy, aged 58 years.

In this city, 8th inst., Sarah F., widow of William Mann, in her 87th year.

In this city, 8th inst., Elizabeth J., wife of Joseph M. L. Peckham, in her 77th year.

At Newport Hospital, 9th inst., Antonia Menz Margado, of South Portsmouth, aged 28 years.

In this city, 10th inst., David Stevens, in his 67th year.

In this city, 10th inst., Thomas Kavanagh, in his 8th year.

In this city, 10th inst., Luke Sullivan, in the 82d year of his age.

In Portsmouth, 9th inst., at her residence on Wapping road, Ann L., widow of Charles H. Hughes, in her 83d year.

Suddenly, in New York, 6th inst., John W. Marks, son of Margaret and the late Michael Marks, aged 35 years.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's

Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and so easy to take as sugar.

FOR HEADACHE.

FOR DIZZINESS.

FOR NERVOUSNESS.

FOR CONSTIPATION.

FOR SALLOW SKIN.

FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

NOTICE.

CANVASS.

THE BOARD OF ALDERMEN of the City of Newport will be in session as a Board of Canvassers at their Chamber, in the City Hall, on

October 9, 18 and 25, 1907,

AT 8 O'CLOCK P. M.,

for the purpose of canvassing and correcting the VARD LIST of Voters in the several Wards.

Witness my hand, DAVID STEVENS, City Clerk.

9-28-17

TAFT'S TALK AT SHANGHAI

Chinese People Regard It in a Most Favorable Light

Shanghai, Oct. 10.—The comment of the Chinese press, officials and people on the visit to Shanghai of War Secretary Taft is most enthusiastic. The general feeling of the Chinese on the attendance of Taft may be summarized as follows:

"The United States will not sell the Philippine Islands, an assurance which is welcomed, as it means that there will be no extension of Japanese influence and a continuance of American influence in the Far East.

"The Chinese desire to interpret Taft's statement relating that the United States favors the open door policy in China as being unofficial, but at the same time made on high authority and indicating that the United States will support it in China and maintain the policy in Manchuria, the only place where the open door is threatened.

"Mr. Taft's endorsement of the United States court for China, over which Judge Willey presides, is looked upon as meaning a continuance of the new era of justice and as demonstrating that the United States is really interested in China, as shown by the acts which follow her assurances on the subject.

"The enthusiastic welcome accorded to Taft here atones for the boycott of American goods and demonstrates China's friendship for America.

"The assurances given in regard to fair treatment of the emigration question are accepted in good faith. China trusts in the United States and believes the latter to be her true friend."

Prescott Released by Canada

Hallfax, Oct. 11.—After having been detained at the local dock yard since last winter, the Gloucester fishing schooner *Fannie E. Prescott* finally was released yesterday after a payment by her owners of a fine of \$200 and costs for alleged violation of the fisheries laws. The *Prescott* was seized by a government cruiser on the charge of having been engaged in fishing inside the three-mile limit.

Alleged Violation of Agreement

Cincinnati, Oct. 9.—Several printing and publishing firms in Chicago, St. Louis, New York and Massachusetts, with national officers of the United Typothetae of America, have brought action in the United States court, asking that the International Printing Pressmen's and Assistants' Union of America be enjoined from violating an agreement of January, 1907, by demanding an eight-hour day.

Jerome May Be Side-Track

New York, Oct. 11.—The Evening Post says: There was a report in financial circles that Governor Hughes had decided to appoint a special district attorney to act on traction matters over Jerome's head. An attempt to verify the rumor resulted in obtaining confirmation from a man high in the business world, generally well informed and uniformly reliable.

Battleship Ashore Many Hours

Norfolk, Oct. 9.—With the assistance of seven powerful tugs, the battleship *Kentucky*, which stranded off Lambert's point at 2 o'clock yesterday morning, while endeavoring

The Calling of Allah.

From the gray ancestral mountains
Crowned with purple and with gold,
Where the tombs are of my fathers
And the sacred shrines of old,
Comes the voice of Allah calling,
As the prophecies have told.

From the white dust of the highway,
From the sea and the eventful breeze,
From the depths of the midnight
Where the rubies planets blaze,
Comes the voice of Allah calling,
As it did in olden days.

Now the gardens are a blossom,
Lotus bloom and damask rose,
Vineyards burgeon with the summer
And the daffodil blows—
But the voice of Allah calling,
And the faithful servant goes.

For I hear the muezzin chanting
"Allah Akbar" from afar,
Allah, Allah with the spirit
Of my father's burning star,
Allah, I obey your calling,
Calling to the holy war.

Night comes down on Casablanca,
Where the desert silence lies,
On the plain a fitful heathen
With a pair of bright eyes,
(Allah's voice has echoed his calling)
Gazes on the silent skies.

William F. McCormack.

Grant in Illness.

My last interview with the general was during his illness which terminated in his death.

On Wednesday, March 25, 1885, I received a note from Colonel F. D. Grant saying that his father, then in New York City, would be glad to see me at any time when he could see any one.

About the middle of the day I generally his best time—between 12 and 2 p. m.

The next day, Thursday, at half-past one, my brother and I appeared at the general's house on Sixty-sixth street. A servant showed us into a little reception room to the right of the main hall. In a moment Colonel Grant appeared, and gave us a warm welcome.

My brother thought it not best for him to see the general, and Colonel Grant led the way for me. At the foot of the stairs he said: "Father wished me to apprise you of his inability to talk; so, owing to his trouble, you must do the talking."

The colonel left me at the door of his father's room. It was in front on the south side. The general was alone, though through the open doors I could see members of the family and friends on the same floor within call. He was reclining on his favorite chair, his feet resting upon the extension and his head against the high part.

"How do you do, general?" he said, as he turned his face toward me and extended his right hand. I took his hand, and, heeding Colonel Grant's warning, began to talk. I tried to express my thanks for the interview and my deep sympathy for him in his affliction.

His face, whitish, but not emaciated, was natural except for the large swollen appearance of the left side. He turned toward the south window, and asked me to pass around and take a seat on that side. This was evidently easier for him, and a chair had been placed there near his feet. His muffled voice could hardly be recognized. Yet, notwithstanding the difficulty and my effort not to let him do so, he kept talking to me, but with an indistinct utterance.

I spoke of the late action of Congress restoring him to the army, and of the acts of the different legislatures and of the thousands of his old soldiers gathered into the Grand Army organizations.

"You will not be forgotten by them at this time, Gen. Grant, and never will be!" He expressed his gladness at this, but desired me to return to the subject of prayer and its fruits, of which we had spoken.

During our conversation Gen. Grant was cheerful and patient, but now and then he changed the plot of his head quickly as if in pain, and this motion warned me. I rose and said that I must not stay too long, for I would not weary him or add to his suffering. At parting I said:

"Oh, general, how much I wish I could do something to help you. But you can always command me, if it should occur to you that I could do anything." I then asked, doubtless with some show of emotion, as I held his hand: "Is there anything, general?"

He answered slowly and very kindly: "Nothing more, General Howard; nothing besides what you have been doing."

"Good-by, Gen. Grant. May God bless you!" "Thank you, good-by." It was our last interview.

The general had the same complete self-possession as always, was cheerful, without a hint of impatience or complaint under his affliction. His was the submission of a great heart, in its own unshaken way, to the Heavenly Father, the Eternal Friend.

He had confidence in himself, it is true, but it was because he knew of a power beyond self, because he was helped and strengthened by that power beyond self. You may call it spirit, Providence or God. The name is not material. It is all the same.—October Century.

What Caused the Trouble.

In "Irish Life and Humor" William Harvey gives an anecdote of the Irishman's readiness in the court of law.

"Now, Pat," said the magistrate to an old offender, what brought you here again?"

"Two policemen, eer," was the laconic reply.

"Drunk, I suppose?" queried the magistrate.

"Yes, sir," said Pat; "both av thim,"—Patton's Monthly.

Delicately Put.

He would not say that the painted, powdered and all that. He was too much of a gentleman for that.

"Still I may as well confess," he said, "that she impressed me as one who thinks she can improve upon the Lord's handiwork."

A Fresh Clerk.

Customer—What have you got that is strictly fresh?

Grocer—One moment, please. Here, Johnny, wait on the lady.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"When I was at Harvard," says Dr. William F. Anderson of New York, in concluding a brief address, "the boys had a little epigram with which they used to warn speakers not to be too prolix. It compared a speech to a wheel."

A Great Sculptor.

Energy, energy, always energy, this is the commanding trait of the work of the sculptor Saint-Gaudens—energy in action, energy in repose; but energy under control, compressed, never flamboyant, never pushing beyond the bounds, marked by a sure taste, and a keen sense of beauty. There is the sense of suppressed motion in his busts, and in his seated and standing figures. In his walking or riding figures—as the Puritan, the Shaw and the Sherman—the suggested motion has the effect of an irresistible sweep. So strong is the sense of moving power given out by much of his sculpture that the walking figure of the Puritan suggests the march of an equestrian statue.

It has been said of Niagara that it is full of surprising "little lovelinesses." There was tremendous emotional and artistic flow in the work of this sculptor—and his creations were full of "little lovelinesses." He, who could reach so surely the solemn, and at times the sublime, was deft of touch, and delighted in the delicate effects of surface texture and coloring, and in refinements of portraiture on a small scale; in the soft contours and curves of the countenances of girls and little children. He, in youth a cutter of canoes, was a skillful modeler of coins and medals—and he may be said to have revived, in our day, the art of the medallion portrait.

Unlike certain other powerful sculptors of our time he had a strong decorative sense. His work, in little or in large, had the agreeable balance of spaces, the correspondences and the contrasts of composition which are so satisfying to the sensitive eye; that decorative sense which distinguishes the entire art of a thoroughly artistic people like the Japanese, but which does not permeate, to so great an extent, the art of the western world, and charms all the more when it dominates as in the handiwork of Saint-Gaudens.

That, in the depths of his nature, which made him so sensitive to musical impressions came out in the lyrical quality of his modelling. To some of the artists and literary men of this generation, the Quartette concerts on Sunday afternoon at Saint-Gaudens' New York studio were an important part of their artistic development. No one enjoyed these reasons of musical refreshment more keenly than the sculptor, whose works seemed to re-echo the very tones of the stringed instruments.

As was finely said at the funeral of Saint-Gaudens, at Cornish, after all, the one transcendent element of the Master's equipment was his imagination; the imagination shown not only in reproducing the seen, but in making visible the unseen. When imagination, and a feeling and affinity for the greatest art, are added to technical ability, and the power to take endless pains, you have undoubtedly a great artist. And Saint-Gaudens was a great artist.

He was sensitive to natural beauty—the Pan of his own hills and woods, as his living comrades of Cornish called the master; his sympathy for the austere grandeur of the Greek was native to him; he was at home not less with the mixed Reality and Ideality of the Renaissance. He was great in his own work, great in the influence of that work, and great in his personal influence among painters, architects, writers and sculptors of his day. His strenuously conscientious desire for perfection was a standard of effort and accomplishment in a wide circle.

In his personality there was the same fire as in his handiwork; and the same blending of sweetness with strength. Under all the praise and all the honors showered upon him he remained totally unspoiled, with each new work the humble, unsatisfied searcher; always unassuming; always the simple hearted, generous comrade. He was, as intimated, exquisitely susceptible to the loftiest musical expression. He had a swift, intense indignation and anger, controlled by quick sympathy and a sense of justice. He was emotional without being sentimental. As a describer of beautiful scenes and dramatic events he was thrilling; and, his sense of humor being vital, he was unsurpassable as a raconteur of witnessed incidents of humorous character. He had none of the manner of the professional story teller, but it was something never to be forgotten.—Saint-Gaudens' rapid, low-voiced, intense, serious-faced telling of some strange adventure of travel or of the life artistic.

In the late years, and before his latest years of invalidism, his interest grew in things deep and spiritual. As for the latest years, when he suspected that the "Night" was coming "when no man can work," this tremendous worker, if anything, quickened his pace. At one time the desire for labor at his beloved art, under stress of pain and weakness, seemed to be in danger of forever passing; but the danger was averted, and, up to the very last few days, he was at work, patiently, heroically. There was a peculiar sympathy between Saint-Gaudens and his friend Robert Louis Stevenson, and in more ways than one were their fates, toward the last, similar.

The influence of Saint-Gaudens will increase rather than diminish; for his art was unique, intangible and will be perpetually inspiring. Ten years ago it was said here "Perhaps no living artist has so high a reputation as Saint-Gaudens, with so strong an artistic influence, with so little of his work familiar to the general public." Since then his public and private portraits and monuments have reached a wider public, and his position became so high that, at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, the judges could meet artistic expectation only by causing a separate and special medal to be struck in his honor.

Now, again, it may be said that his fame will be increased, not only by the wider knowledge and appreciation of his works already known, but by the addition thereto of the works completed, and those all but completed, just before his death—among which are some of the noblest of his creations. The Caryatids for the Albright Art Gallery in Buffalo; that rarely beautiful temple of art; are modeled in the exalted spirit of the Adams monument. They have something of the loveliness of the enchanting marbles in the Cornelius Vanderbilt house in New York; but they have, too, a weightiness, a mystery and a majesty consonant with their own architectural and symbolic importance. They seem to have been modeled for all eternity by the very finger of Fate.—October Century.

"Lady with a flashy paste necklace wants to know whether it's pure diamond or not," said the jeweller's shop man.

"Look like a married woman?" inquired the jeweller.

"Yes, sir."

"Tell her it is. No use making trouble for poor husbands these hard times."—London Tit-Bits.

OUR STAPLE FOODS.

It Is Astonishing How Comparatively Few They Are.

Certain grain food staples have proved themselves within the age long experience of humanity to possess a larger amount of nutritive value, digestibility and other good qualities and a smaller proportion of undesirable properties than any others. These, through an exceedingly slow and gradual process of the survival of the fittest, have come to form the staples of food in common use by the human race all over the world. It is really astonishing how comparatively few there are of them when we come to consider them broadly—the flesh and the milk of three or four domesticated animals, the flesh of three or four and the eggs of one species of domesticated birds, three great grains, wheat, rice and maize, and a half dozen smaller and much less frequent ones, a hundred or so species of fishes and shellfish, two sugars, a dozen or so starch containing roots and tubers, only two of which, the potato and the manioc, are of real international importance, twenty or thirty fruits, forty or fifty vegetables—make up two-thirds of the food supply of the inhabitants of the world.

Instead of wondering at the variety and profuseness of the human food supply the biologist is rather inclined to ejaculate with the London footman immortalized by John Leech, who, when told by the cook that there would be mutton chops for dinner and roast beef for supper, exclaimed: "Nothink but beef, mutton and pork—pork, mutton and beef! Hm my opinion, his 't'ight time some new handul was 'pwent'!"—McClure's.

BULLS AND PUNS.

A Batch of Misfit Sayings and Clever Salutes.

It is odd to charge Lord Beaconsfield with a "bull" in proposing in parliament to make suicide a capital offense. "We only punish those who fail," he said, and laughter drowned the conclusion of the sentence.

Sir Colin Campbell when in India wrote in an official report, "A lot of young fellows come out here, and they drink and eat and die and then write home and tell their friends the climate killed them."

It was once the fashion in Paris to wear the hair "a la Capoul," after the famous singer. Capoul himself went to have his hair done and was asked what style. "A la Capoul," he busily suggested. His head was examined. "Ah, monsieur, it is not possible. You have not the head for it."

In England Joseph H. Choate became Joseph Choate. "In England," he explained, "I drop the H." The brilliant lawyer Channell, on the other hand, dropped his aspirates in a more usual way. In a trial the judge became confused as to whether the ship involved was the Helen or the Ellen. The lawyer on the other side, Sir Frederick Tresiger, gravely explained that she was christened the Helen, but "lost her 'b' in the chops of the Channell."

At an ecclesiastical luncheon one of the party, apparently given to dietetic theories, observed as they went in, "Now to put a bridle on our appetites." The bishop of Winchester, who had a good digestion, retorted, "Now to put a bit between my teeth."

The Corporal Got a Chill Too.

The captain tells a story which runs something like this: In camp one morning the first sergeant reported that Private B. had a chill. "Is it a serious one?" asked the captain. "Well, sir, I don't know just how serious it is, but it's a big one, for it seems to be all over him, and he weighs 200 pounds." On seeing him the captain found him looking rather blue and instructed the first sergeant to send him to the surgeon in charge of a corporal. Soon after breakfast the captain saw the corporal and asked him how the man was getting on. "Oh, he's all right now," was the reply. "I took him up to the hospital tent, and when I saw what kind of medicine the doctor gave him I had a chill too."—Army and Navy Life.

True Hospitality.

In a New Hampshire village many stories are told of a former resident who had a warm heart, but a tongue that did not always utter his real meaning. One cold winter day he opened his door to see the minister, looking chill and tired, wading home through the snow after an hour spent with a newly but unpleasant parishioner.

"Come in, parson, come right in!" he called cheerily, waving his arms with hospitable intent. "My wife will make a roasting fire to warm you up. It's well started already, parson. She'll make it so hot you can't stay in the house fifteen minutes!"

More Antique.

Impenetrable but Enthusiastic Collector—Let me see; what is the price of that picture?

Art Dealer—Eighteen hundred pounds, madam.

"Eighteen hundred pounds! Why, this is the third time I have asked the price of that painting, within three days, and it is a hundred pounds more each time I ask!"

"Yes, but madam must remember it is an antique and that it grows older every day."—London Answers.

An Oversight.

Watch—Eight bells and all's well. Mrs. Polunk (feebly)—I guess, Josiah, he hasn't looked on this side of the boat lately or he'd known better.—Brooklyn Times.

Whoever is not too wise is wise.—Marital.

Penalty of Loaning.

"What's become of your umbrella?" "I loaned it to Tompkins."

"Why doesn't he return it?"

"The owner caught him with it and demanded it."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

A desire to sneeze can be stopped on the instant by pressing the upper lip very hard with the fingers. It is a remedy that rarely fails.

THE VENEER CUTTER.

A Machine That Slices Wood as Thin as Shavings.

The veneer cutter is one of the wonders of modern times," says a furniture man. "People who have never seen it work have not the faintest idea what it can do. Of course it is one result of the scarcity and high price of valuable timber, for if mahogany, rosewood, ebony and curled maple were as cheap as yellow pine there would be no need for a veneering machine, but the high prices of these woods compelled economy. The furniture makers were obliged to use them with parsimony; hence the inventions of the veneer cutter.

A saw cutter will cut twenty-five or thirty slices of veneer from an inch of wood, and most people would think that this is a tolerably economical use even of rosewood. But the knife cutter shaves off the wood in a slice so thin that from 125 to 150 veneers to the inch can be cut, and still every one of these shavings preserves the color and shows the texture of the original wood, and so smoothly is the cutting done that very often no polishing is necessary. The cheapness with which the work is done may be appreciated by the fact that cigar boxes once used, then given away or made into kindling, are often manufactured of popular or some other cheap wood and veneered with cedar simply because a box that looks like cedar is preferred by the dealers."—Baltimore American.

A LAKE OF FIRE.

Marvelous Phosphorescence of a Fish Pond in the Bahamas.

The lake of Waterloo is a phosphorescent sheet of water a thousand feet long near Nassau, in the Bahamas. At night it is like a sheet of living fire if any wind is stirring to rattle its surface.

If the night be calm, says the Rosary Magazine, the water lies dark and still until some object sets it in motion. Little colored boys are ready to swim out into the lake, where they seem to be clothed in garments of flame, leaving a long trail of molten splendor behind them.

"The oars when rowing are as when dipped in fire, and if one holds up a handful of the water and lets it fall it looks like beads of gold, and the fish that dart here and there, startled by the visitors, leave flashes of mystic glowing splendor behind them. The clumsy turtles that move about look like balls of fire, and when it rains the lake is like a mass of jewels. This marvelous display of phosphorescence has never been accounted for, as the lake is of artificial formation, having been made for the breeding of turtles by a Nassau resident.

The bed of the lake is cut out of solid limestone, and it is filled from the sea, in which there is little of the phosphorescent quality.

Luther's "Ein Feste Burg."

In "Hymns Every Child Should Know" there are several interesting stories of Martin Luther's hymn, "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God." When Melancthon and his friends were excited after Luther's death they heard a little girl sing "Ein Feste Burg" in the streets of Welfar. Melancthon said: "Sing now, my child. Thou little knowest how thy song cheers our hearts." In 1870, when the Franco-Prussian war was on, this great German hymn again aroused the German nation. The singing of this hymn has been made the ground for many imprisonments. One group of men arrested for singing it finally escaped and went to England, where they fell in with the great Wesley, and their influence upon him served to bring about the extraordinary Methodist revival.

A Gracious Absence.

The half hour in the drawing room before dinner was an interesting "first impression" of that indescribable combination of warmth and frost known as a London hostess. Further experience taught me that Mrs. Marchbanks was a typical one.

The London hostess' invariable mode of procedure is a sudden inordinate gush of welcome, followed immediately by an icy stare. By the time you have politely responded to the welcome your hostess has forgotten your existence. Nay, more, she seems almost to have forgotten her own. She is vague, self absorbed and quite oblivious to your existence. I have heard of a lady with a gracious presence. The London hostess is best described by a gracious absence.—Putnam's.

Indorsing the Asp.

In Marmon's tragedy of Cleopatra, represented in the Theatre Francaise, when the Egyptian queen was about ready to commit suicide she held in her hands a mechanical asp of cunning workmanship devised by Vaucanson, the most ingenious mechanician of his time. This venomous reptile reared its head and before plunging its apparent fangs into the arm of the actress gave a shrill hiss. A spectator hereupon arose and left the house with the simple but expressive remark, "I am of the same opinion as the asp."

Strong Part.

"You say your brother is with an opera company now?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Has he a strong part?"

"Yes, ma'am. Why, he's one of the fellows that hit the anvil in the anvil chorus."—Yonkers Statesman.

Fatal Honors.

Jimson—What became of that man who had twenty-seven medals for saving people from drowning? Dock Worker—He fell in one day when he had them all on, and the weight of 'em sunk him.

In the City of Durango, Mexico, is an

iron mountain 840 feet high, and the iron is 60 to 70 per cent pure. The ore spreads in all directions for a radius of three or four miles. The entire deposit is sufficient to supply all the iron required in the world for 1,000 years.—Mexican Herald.

Mind is the partial side of man. The

heart is everything.—Rivarol.

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NEWPORT CITY CARS

Change of time June 29, 1907.

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Leave Norton Park for Mile Corner—6:22 and 6:55 a. m., and 10:57 and 11:22 p. m. Sundays 10:52, 11:07 and 11:22 p. m.

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